

The Recluse

Cursive

I wake alone in a woman's room I hardly know
I wake alone and pretend that I am finally home
The room is littered with her books and notebooks
I imagine what they say like, "Shoo fly, don't bother me" And I can hardly get myself out of her
bed
For fear of never lying in this bed again
Oh Christ, I'm not that desperate
Oh no, oh God, I am How'd I end up here to begin with? I don't know
Why do I start what I can't finish?
Oh, please don't barrage me with the questions
To all those ugly answers
My ego's like my stomach
It keeps shitting what I feed it
But maybe I don't want to finish anything anymore
Maybe I can wait in bed till she comes home
And whispers, "You're in my web now
I've come to wrap you up tight till it's time to bite down"
I wake alone in a woman's room I hardly know
I wake alone and pretend that I am finally home" You're in my web now" Home

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